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"Why, these suits have it all over the tailored clothes that I have been paying more for," said a customer the other day, as he was looking at our assortment of suits.

Perhaps you don't know about these suits values. Come in and let us show you. You'll find every good cloth represented, and patterns and colorings in large variety. All made in the latest models for young men and older men who want to stay young.

# NUSBAUM'S

\$10 AND \$15 SUIT STORE

The Store That Values Built.

306 WEST MAIN STREET.



Rodman Took His Bible and Read.

shall blossom; and I will make to cease from me the murmurings of the children of Israel, whereby they murmur against you."

Rodman had read on, absorbed in the story and the picture it presented to his imagination. He liked the idea of all the princes having a rod according to the house of their fathers. He liked to think of the little branches being laid on the altar in the tabernacle, and above all he thought of the longing of each of the princes to have his own rod chosen for the blossoming.

"6. And Moses spoke unto the children of Israel, and every one of their princes gave him a rod apiece, for each prince one, according to their father's houses, even twelve rods; and the rod of Aaron was among their rods."

Oh! how the boy hoped that Aaron's blossom would be the one chosen to blossom! He felt that his aunt would be pleased, too, but he read on steadily, with eyes that glowed and breath that came and went in a very palpitation of interest.

"7. And Moses laid up the rods before the Lord in the tabernacle of witness."

"8. And it came to pass, that on the morrow Moses went into the tabernacle of witness; and, behold, the rod of Aaron was budded and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds."

It was Aaron's rod, then, and was an almond branch! How beautiful, for the blossoms would have been pink; and how the people must have marvelled to see the lovely blooming thing on the dark altar, first budding, then blossoming, then bearing nuts! And what was the rod chosen for? He hurried to the next verse:

"9. And Moses brought out all the rods before the Lord unto all the children of Israel: and they looked, and took every man his rod."

"10. And the Lord said unto Moses, Bring Aaron's rod again before the testimony to be kept for a token against the rebels; and thou shalt quite take away their murmurings from me, that they die not."

"Oh, Aunt Boynton," cried the boy, "I love my name after I've heard about the almond rod! Aren't you proud that it's uncle's name that was written on the one that blossomed?"

He turned swiftly to find that his aunt's knitting had slipped on the floor; her nervous hands drooped by her side as if there were no life in them, and her head had fallen against the back of her chair. The boy was paralyzed with fear at the sight of her closed eyes and the deathly pallor of her face. He had never seen her like this before, and Ivory was away. He flew for a bottle of spirit, always kept in the kitchen cupboard for emergencies, and throwing wood on the fire in passing, he swung the crane so that the tea kettle was over the flame. He knew only the humble remedies that he had seen used here or there in illness and tried them timidly, praying every moment that he might hear Ivory's step. He warmed a soapstone in the embers and, taking off Mrs. Boynton's shoes, put it under her cold feet. He chafed her hands and gently poured a spoonful of brandy between her pale lips. Then, sprinkling camphor on a handkerchief, he held it to her nostrils, and to his joy she stirred in her chair; before many minutes her lids fluttered, her lips moved, and she put her hand to her heart.

"Are you better, aunt dear?" Rod asked in a very wavering and fearful voice.

She did not answer; she only opened her eyes and looked at him. At length she whispered faintly, "I want Ivory; I want my son."

"He's out, aunt dear. Shall I help you to bed the way Ivory does? If you'll let me, then I'll run to the bridge 'cross lots like lightning and bring him back."

She assented, and leaning heavily on his slender shoulder, walked feebly into her bedroom off the living room. Rod was as gentle as a mother, and he was familiar with all the little offices that could be of any comfort; the soapstone warmed again for her feet, the bringing of her nightgown from the closet, and when she was in bed another spoonful of brandy in hot milk; then the camphor so that she could see the open air, that he made into a cheerful bubble, contrived so that it would not snap and throw out dangerous sparks in his absence.

All the while he was doing this Mrs. Boynton lay quietly in the bed talking to herself fitfully in the faint murmuring tone that was habitual to her. He could distinguish scarcely anything, only enough to guess that her mind was still on the Bible story that he was reading to her when she faintly said, "The rod of Aaron was among the other rods," he heard her



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WEST PIKE STREET

say, and a moment later, "Bring Aaron's rod again before the testimony."

Was it his uncle's name that had so affected her? wondered the boy, almost sick with remorse, although he had tried his best to evade her command to read the chapter aloud. What would Ivory, his hero, his pattern and example, say? It had always been Rod's pride to carry his little share of every burden that fell to Ivory, to be faithful and helpful in every task given to him. He could walk through fire without flinching, he thought, if Ivory told him to, and he only prayed that he might not be held responsible for this new calamity.

"I want Ivory!" came in a feeble voice from the bedroom.

"Does your side ache worse?" Rod asked, tiptoeing to the door.

"No, I am quite free from pain."

"Would you be afraid to stay alone just for awhile if I lock both doors and run to find Ivory and bring him back?"

"No, I will sleep," she whispered, closing her eyes. "Bring him quickly before I forget what I want to say to him."

Rod sped down the lane and over the fields to the brick store where Ivory usually bought his groceries. His cousin was not there, but one of the men came out and offered to take his horse and drive over the bridge to see if he were at one of the neighbors' on that side of the river. Not a word did Rod breathe of his aunt's illness; he simply said that she was lonesome for Ivory, and so he came to find him. In five minutes they saw the Boynton horse hitched to a tree by the roadside, and in a trice Rod called him and, thanking Mr. Bixby, got into Ivory's wagon to wait for him. He tried his best to explain the situation as they drove along, but finally concluded by saying, "Aunt really made me read the chapter to her, Ivory. I tried not to when I saw uncle's name in most every verse, but I couldn't help it."

"Of course you couldn't! Now you jump out and hitch the horse while I run in and see that nothing has happened while she's been left alone. Perhaps you'll have to go for Dr. Perry."

Ivory went in with fear and trembling, for there was no sound save the ticking of the tall clock. The fire burned low upon the hearth, and the door was open into his mother's room. He lifted a candle that Rod had left ready on the table and stole softly to her bed side. She was sleeping like a child, but exhaustion showed itself in every line of her face. He felt her hands and feet and found the soapstone in the bed, saw the brandy bottle and the remains of a cup of milk on the light stand, noted the handkerchief, still strong of camphor, on the counterpane and the blanket spread carefully over her knees, and then turned approvingly to meet Rod stealing into the room on tiptoe, his eyes big with fear.

"We won't wake her, Rod. I'll watch awhile, then sleep on the sitting room lounge."

## CHAPTER XIX.

Lois Burles Her Dead.

THE replies that Ivory had received from his letters of inquiry concerning his father's movements since leaving Maine and his possible death in the west left no reasonable room for doubt. Traces of Aaron Boynton in New Hampshire, in Massachusetts, in New York and finally in Ohio all pointed in one direction, and although there were gaps and discrepancies in the account of his doings, the fact of his death seemed to be established by two apparently reliable witnesses.

That he was not unaccompanied in his earliest migrations seemed clear, but the woman mentioned as his wife disappeared suddenly from the reports, and the story of his last days was the story of a broken down, melancholy, untried man, dependent for the last offices on strangers. He left no messages and no papers, said Ivory's correspondent and never made mention of any family connections whatsoever. He had no property and no means of defraying the expenses of his illness after he was stricken with the fever. No letters were found among his poor effects and no article that could prove his identity, unless it were a small gold locket, which bore no initials or marks of any kind, but which contained two locks of fair and brown hair, intertwined. The tiny trinket was enclosed in the letter, as of no value, unless some one recognized it as a keepsake.

(To be continued.)

# CHURCHES

CENTRAL CHRISTIAN CHURCH, corner Pike and Chestnut streets, W. M. Long, minister. 9:30 a. m., Bible school, M. N. Cutlip, superintendent. 11:00 a. m., sermon by the pastor on "That Without Which You Can't Please God." 6:30 p. m., Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m., sermon by the pastor on "The World's Greatest Magnet."

ST. MARK'S LUTHERAN Church, Park avenue, near Main street, the Rev. William L. Heuser, pastor. Residence 116 Park avenue, near Main street. 9:45 a. m., Sunday school, C. L. Lutton, superintendent. 11:00 a. m., morning worship with sermon by the Rev. Felix K. Struve. 8:00 p. m., no services. Wednesday, 7:30 p. m., prayer meeting.

FIRST METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, corner of West Pike and North Second streets, the Rev. G. D. Smith, minister. 9:00 a. m., class meeting, M. S. Riley, leader. 9:30 a. m., Sunday school, W. H. Davidson, superintendent. 10:45 a. m., sermon by the pastor on "The Kingdom of Righteousness." 6:30 p. m., Junior League devotional service, Miss Romans Rowley, superintendent. 8:30 p. m., Epworth League devotional service, topic: "Anniversary Day—Silver Jubilee." Miss Grace Duthie, leader. 7:30 p. m., sermon by the pastor on "World Peace and Universal Brotherhood."

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH corner Second and Main streets, the Rev. Henry D. McClelland, D. D., pastor. 9:45 a. m., Sunday school in the

"What Yer Goin' to Do May 25th."—Advertisement.

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# LYNCH'S

new building. 11:00 a. m., sermon by the pastor on "The Prince of Peace." 7:30 p. m., sermon by the pastor on "The Good Fight of Faith."

DUFF STREET UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH, Stealey Heights, the Rev. H. R. Hess, pastor. 9:30 a. m., Sunday school, I. F. Lawson, superintendent. 10:30 a. m., preaching. 6:30 p. m., Christian Endeavor. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH, Northview, the Rev. H. R. Hess, pastor. 10:00 a. m., Sunday school, Robert McClung, superintendent. 11 a. m., class meeting. 6:30 p. m., Christian Endeavor. 7:30 p. m., preaching. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH, Adamston, the Rev. D. W. Cunningham, pastor. Sabbath school 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. If the pastor can serve you, call him. House adjoins church.

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH, South, corner Main and Chestnut streets, the Rev. W. H. Foglesong, pastor. 9:45 a. m., Sunday school. 10:45 a. m., sermon by the pastor on "Regeneration or the New Birth." 7:30 p. m., Epworth League. 8:00 p. m., sermon by the Rev. L. S. Cunningham of Fairmont.

METHODIST PROTESTANT Chapel corner Sycamore and Locust streets, the Rev. U. W. Morrison, pastor. 9:45 a. m., Sunday school, C. A. Sheets, superintendent. 11:00 a. m., sermon by the pastor on "A Mother's Influence." 7:00 p. m., Christian Endeavor. 8:00 p. m., sermon by the pastor. 8:10 p. m., Wednesday, prayer meeting. 8:00 p. m., Thursday, teachers' training class. The public is cordially invited to all these services.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, corner West Pike and Sixth streets, the Rev. W. C. Taylor, pastor. 9:30 a. m., Sunday school. 11:00 a. m., preaching by the pastor. 7:30 p. m., preaching by the pastor.

BRIDGEPORT BAPTIST CHURCH Main street, the Rev. Robert Bragg, pastor. W. W. Willis, Sunday school superintendent. Mrs. A. B. Withers, president. Women's Mission Circle. Sunday school and morning worship. 9:45 a. m., Evening service. 7:30 o'clock. Midweek prayer service each Thursday evening at 7:30 o'clock. Orchestra for all Sunday services. All are welcome.

GRASSELLI M. E. CHURCH, Sunday school each Sunday at 10:00 a. m., A. F. Greathouse, superintendent. Preaching every Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock by the Rev. Alexander Blake.

INDUSTRIAL BAPTIST CHURCH, Sunday school 9:30 a. m., C. E. DeVaughn, superintendent. Preaching. The public in general is invited to attend these services. You will be made welcome.

WILSONBURG METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, the Rev. A. B. Wolfe, pastor. Preaching except third Sundays, 10:30 a. m., Sunday school 9:30 a. m., class meeting 10:30 a. m.

VINCENT CHAPEL M. P. Church, New Fair Grounds Addition. 2:00 p. m., Sunday school. 3:30 p. m., preaching.

THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. No preaching morning or evening.

BARNES MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH, Northview, the Rev. F. P. Baldwin, pastor. Preaching on second and fourth Sundays at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 p. m., W. H. Nicholson, superintendent.

CHURCH OF CHRIST, Union

"What Yer Goin' to Do May 25th."—Advertisement.

"What Yer Agon' to do with Lem?"—Advertisement.

## WHISKEY LAW

The Prohibition Amendment Law is the law that will regulate the selling of Whiskey in West Virginia after June 30, 1914. Get a copy today and become familiar with its teachings. I have it in pamphlet form 3 1/2 x 6 inches neatly and durably bound, and an extra quality of paper. The price is 15c. This pamphlet includes the Webb-Kenyon bill. Call or address the Daily Telegram office.—Advertisement.

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Many people believe that those remedies which have stood the test of time, that have been put to every trial under the varying conditions of age, weight, general health, etc., may be safely relied upon. And judging by the fact that "Mother's Friend" has been in continual use since our grandmother's earlier years and is known throughout the United States it may be easily inferred that it is some-thing that women talk about and gladly recommend to prospective mothers.

"Mother's Friend" is prepared only in our own laboratory and is sold by druggists everywhere. Ask for a bottle to-day and write for a special book for expectant mothers. Address Bradfield Regulator Co., 407 Lamar Bldg., Atlanta, Ga.

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## The Story of Waitstill Baxter

By KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

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(Continued.)

"I forgot, Aunt Boynton! Yes, I think perhaps my mother named me. Mothers' most always name their babies, don't they? My mother wasn't like you, she looked just like the picture of Pocahontas in my history. She never knew about these Bible rods, I guess."

"When you go a little further you will find pleasant things about rods," said his aunt, knitting, knitting intently, as was her habit, and talking as if her mind were 1,000 miles away. "You know they were just little branches of trees, and it was only God's power that made them wonderful in any way."

"Oh! I thought they were like the singing teacher's stick he keeps time with."

"No; if you look at your concordance you'll find it gives you a chapter in Numbers where there's something beautiful about rods. I have forgotten the place. It has been many years since I looked at it. Find it and read it aloud to me." The boy searched his concordance and readily found the reference in the 17th chapter of Numbers.

"Stand near me and read," said Mrs. Boynton. "I like to hear the Bible read aloud!"

Rodman took his Bible and read, slowly and batingly, but with clearness and understanding:

"1. And the Lord spake unto Moses, saying,

"2. Speak unto the children of Israel, and take of every one of them a rod according to the house of their fathers, of all their princes according to the house of their fathers twelve rods: write thou every man's name upon his rod."

Through the boy's mind there darted the flash of a thought, a sad thought. He himself was a Rod on whom no man's name seemed to be written, orphan that he was, with no knowledge of his parents!

Suddenly he hesitated, for he had caught sight of the name of Aaron in the verse that he was about to read and did not wish to pronounce it in his aunt's hearing.

"This chapter is most too hard for me to read out loud, Aunt Boynton," he stammered. "Can I study it by myself and read it to Ivory first?"

"Go on, go on, you read very sweetly. I cannot remember what comes and I wish to hear it."

The boy continued, but without raising his eyes from the Bible:

"3. And thou shalt write Aaron's name upon the rod of Levi: for one rod shall be for the head of the house of their fathers."

"4. And thou shalt lay them up in the tabernacle of the congregation before the testimony, where I will meet with you."

"5. And it shall come to pass that the man's rod, whom I shall choose,

"What Yer Agon' to do with Lem?"—Advertisement.